

Chantal Kreviazuk, Believer

I carry my microphone with me
Everywhere I go
It makes for a very good deadweight
In case of an emergency
In case I need to break your face
In case I need you to be dead

Who do you think you are
Who do I think you are
I know who you are
And it's hard to believe that God made you and me
With the same hands, with the same hands

Ah, sit
I tell my doggie to sit
But I am not a dog
But you make the animal in me
Want to come out all over you

Who do you think you are
Who do I think you are
I know who you are
And it's hard to believe God made you and me
With the same hands
With the same hands

Who do you think you are
Who do I think you are
I know

Who do you think you are
Who do I think you are
I know who you are
And it's hard to believe that God made you and me
With the same hands
With the same hands (with the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)
With the same hands (with the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)
(With the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)

And it's hard to believe that I'm still a believer